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PETER PENELOP COLLIER,

No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

CO-OPERATION, OR compulsory arbitration—which?

COMPULSORY arbitration, answers the National House of Representatives. But a careful examination of the project of law which it sanctioned by its vote shortly before the Fifty-third Congress came to an end reveals the fact that it proposes only partial compulsory arbitration. This looks a little as if the House did not feel entire confidence in the scheme to which it has given its approval.

IT provides for a board of arbitration to decide controversies between common carriers employed in inter-State commerce and their employees. All controversies between these contending parties, when they cannot be settled by mutual arrangement, would be, under this law, decided by a board whose award would be enforceable in the United States courts, sitting as courts of equity. This bears one good feature with it: it implies the incorporation of the labor unions interested, they having virtually agreed to this in order to make the operation of the decision practical; otherwise they could not be subject to liability for damages for failure to carry out the terms of an award.

ONCE A WEEK has long and persistently urged upon organized labor the need of incorporation, and it is glad to note the possibility of its adoption, even for this particular purpose. But while the proposed arbitration might, in certain cases, prove beneficial to the working-man, would it ever give him the chance for legitimate profit that co-operation implies? The most that the scheme recommended by the lower house of Congress can give is an impartial decision as to the merits of a quarrel between railway employers and employed. It offers Labor none of the profits which Labor helps to create. It maintains the laborer in his position of a wage-paid drudge, whose lack of capital shuts the door of Opportunity forever in his face. It is merely a makeshift to still agitation, and to fortify Capital.

NOW co-operation begins by concession to the worker. But in the long run it would probably cost the capitalist far less than an immature and partial compulsory arbitration scheme. It would still forever all strikes which aim as much at damage to the employers' property as to the settling of the condition of the employed. It would make the workman an ally and a firm friend, rather than a paid agent who sees no special inducement to more economy or care in the conduct of the business than is necessary to keep him in his place. Co-operation in the railroad business would raise the character of that public service immensely at once.



THIS question of co-operation is in the air. Communities everywhere are discussing it, at the same time that they devise schemes for the municipalizing of railroads. A good many persons are beginning to realize that co-operation would pave the way to some very interesting experiments in Government ownership and control of railroads which cannot be so easily made under prevailing conditions. Meantime the curiosity to see experiments tried is overwhelming. ONCE A WEEK receives letters from all parts of the country on this subject. Many of these communications are from workingmen, and point out the need of a speedy settlement of present grievances, to avoid graver disturbances than any which have already arisen.

FIRST exclude politics and demagogism from city government, says a critic of a recent demand for the municipalization of the street railroads in Brooklyn.

Organize the railroads on the co-operative basis, and the pests which make good public service so difficult will disappear. Make the workman contented. Give him his due. Let him feel that there is some other outcome of the labor of his hands than food, drink and shelter. Interest him in the State, and he will realize

that it is for his best good to serve the State, the country, the city, faithfully. Cheat him of his due, treat him as a drudge, and he will cheat the State and injure the city whenever he is driven to desperation.

WHO will make the initial experiment in railroad co-operation on a scale large enough to give it a fair and thorough trial?

THE ancient wooden codfish which has hung in a conspicuous position in the Boston State House for many generations is to be removed with solemn ceremonies to a suitable place over the Speaker's chair in the new Hall of Representatives.

Now that Japan has practically taken her place as a first-class Power among the nations England is already plotting to destroy her. She thinks that by acting quickly she may be able to crush her formidable rival in the East. She will seek to achieve her own ends by means of an European coalition; but failing this, she is pretty certain to act alone. It is needless to say that, now that Mr. Gresham's policy of blundering is to be under control, she will receive neither moral nor any other support from this country in such a course.

AMERICAN manufactures and commerce have everything to gain by a support of Japan and Russia in their aims with regard to territory on the Pacific Ocean. If Mr. Gresham were a little more in touch with the people of the United States he would have found that out some time ago.

THE impudence of Imperialism in Germany reaches its supreme height in the determination to prosecute sixty-eight persons who have spoken disrespectfully of His Imperial Majesty's composition, the "Hymn to Aegir." What? shall Majesty pretend to an independence of the ordinary canons of criticism? Even the toadies of the German Court must find this absurd.

THE gross value of the personal estate left by Lord Randolph Churchill was \$379,855.

THE creation of the Greater New York is nearer at hand than is generally imagined. The energetic workers for this project of municipal aggrandizement—which is to place the metropolis, beyond peradventure, in the proud position of the greatest city on the American Continent forever—have not allowed the Legislature's many preoccupations this year to divert its attention from the subject so dear to their souls. They are convinced that the victory of consolidation is reasonably probable during the present session.

THE vote of the Legislature will settle the matter definitely. There will be no further reason for appealing to the people. Grandfather Knickerbocker can call his children and grandchildren around him in peace and quietness; they will all be housed under his roof. His domain will cover three hundred and seventeen square miles of territory. This area will be a little less than that of some ambitious cities which at times have thought of entering into competition with him. But it has not been thought necessary or profitable to annex open prairie.

A CURIOUS and satisfactory feature of consolidation will be that it will have been achieved by a large popular majority. Last fall that majority would have been much larger if the question had not been made secondary for the time to the more exciting one of "reform."

NEW YORK will soon enter the race for first place among the cities of the world. She has a formidable rival in London, which already has more than five millions of inhabitants, and understands the art of consolidation as well as we do. But there are possibilities for New York which do not exist for London. The vast population of this country alone will send a steady influx to New York year after year, which in course of time will become so immense as to put all other cities in the shade.

AMONG the earliest disciples of consolidation there appears a disposition to keep, for the composite city, the name of "New York." Others have proposed "Manhattan," and will make an effort to secure the adoption of the euphonious Indian name. Manhattan is certainly not provincial. It does not hark back to England; and that is in its favor. But the commercial magnates who have made their fortunes under the banner inscribed "New York" may not wish to see another name written upon it.

THE consolidationists are all Home Rulers. They want the great city governed by two Chambers chosen from and thoroughly representative of the people. "Greater New York" is bound to hasten the day when the intermeddling of the Legislature in our affairs will come to a sudden end.

IT is claimed that an authentic list of the villagers massacred by the Turks in Armenia puts the number at thirteen thousand. The troops destroyed thirty-one villages.

MANUEL GARCIA, the Cuban bandit who is said to have collected hundreds of thousands of dollars by kidnapping wealthy men, is reported to have been killed.

LORD ROSEBERRY has been ordered complete cessation from work for some time, and a sojourn in a warm climate.

A BALLOON recently seen passing over Northern Norway is believed to be bringing dispatches from Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer. But no news of its descent has yet been received.

THE Congress just ended has made appropriations of more than nine hundred and ninety million dollars.

NO other Lenten event is likely to create so much anxiety and excitement as the Castellane-Gould wedding. Every smallest detail was eagerly seized on by the public, and received a great variety of comment. The happy couple has sailed away to spend the spring season in London and Paris. But it is said that they will pass the greater part of their time in future in America.

THE February Kings County Grand Jury made a formidable presentment against the Brooklyn trolley cars. But will it amount to anything? The slaughter of the innocents goes on undisturbed.

THE rules for safety have been disregarded by the corporations ever since the trolley lines were laid down. If a city of a million inhabitants cannot muster public spirit enough to put a stop to such plain disobedience of the law, by indignation meetings, what can a Grand Jury's presentment accomplish?

THE National Council of Women at Washington adopted a resolution demanding that the United States Government pay women the same wages as men "for equal work," thus "setting the standard for the country."

THE "Women's League for Political Education" is now in full operation in this city. A "class in municipal government" has nearly a hundred members.

THE statement that the Astor, Lenox and Tilden foundations are to be consolidated into one great public library for this city will be received with warm approval. The metropolis has long had occasion to be ashamed of a lack of one of the essential elements of civilization in a great city—a mammoth free library. The reported consolidation will make the creation of such an institution possible at once. At the same time, will not such a conclusion be practically a misdirection of the funds of the three distinguished testators?

THE German Ambassador will issue a protest against the action of a labor organization inimical to negroes, some of whose members fired on a German ship loading at New Orleans because it employed black men.

ONE of the last speeches of Mr. Wilson in the House was in advocacy of the payment of the sugar bounty, which was finally agreed to by both Houses. It amounts to \$5,238,289.

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ONCE A WEEK.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is the subject of a good many stories just now. The latest is that he was very rude to the Prince of Wales at the recent meeting of a Commission of which both are members. All that the Prince would say on the subject when asked about it was: "Well, I sit between Mr. Chamberlain and the chairman, and the latter is rather deaf." Mr. Chamberlain has indignantly denied the whole story.

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JAPAN seems determined to have land as compensation for the war in China. It is believed that Li Hung-Chang's peace mission will be a failure.

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THE general impression is that President Dole of Hawaii acted wisely in commuting all capital sentences of participants in the late insurrection. Now let him banish the "Queen," and the "incident" may be considered closed.

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THE progressive majority of the London County Council was nearly wiped out at the triennial election, March 2. The Council was moving rapidly toward the municipalization of street railway lines, and gas companies, etc., and their owners have been working with all their might against this. The Moderates gained twenty-one seats.

* * *

THE Sultan of Turkey is so pleased with Kaiser Wilhelm's determination not to interfere in the Armenian business that he has sent him a diamond-hilted sword.

* * *

ISMAY PASHA, the former Viceroy of Egypt, and the progressive ruler who did much for the civilizing of the country, died on March 1, after a long illness, in the palace in Constantinople where he had been kept practically a prisoner for some years. He had requested to be allowed to go to Aix les Bains in France to get cured, but the Sultan would not hear of it.

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PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE of Edinburgh, the great Greek scholar, died March 2, aged eighty-six. He was one of the wittiest men in Scotland, and a writer of deep and varied culture.

* * *

THE Canadian Premier is still between the horns of his dilemma, though apparently making up his mind that the chances of safety are more assured on the side of general elections than on another session. Meanwhile the country is grumbling at the Government's policy of delay, and, according to the Opposition, business is being seriously obstructed by the prevailing uncertainty. The announcement of the dissolution of Parliament is looked for daily, and both parties have actually begun their political campaigns in various parts of the country.

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JOHN F. COLBURN, who was Minister of the Interior under Queen Liliuokalani in Hawaii, declares that the cause of "royalty" in the Sandwich Islands is dead, and is now organizing the natives in favor of annexation.

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THE Pope celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of his coronation, in the throne room of the Vatican, on March 2.

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PRINCE LOBANOFF has been recalled from his diplomatic post at Berlin to St. Petersburg, and made Russian Premier.

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KAISER WILHELM'S journey to Vienna, on the occasion of the funeral of Archduke Albrecht, is supposed to have had a direct relation to his project for re-establishing the old Triple Alliance, with Russia in it.

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TORONTO has been ravaged by a great fire which did damage to the amount of a million dollars. The work of a "firebug" is suspected.

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Of the eighty-eight members of the late Senate sixteen went out with the expiration of the term. They were Senators Butler of South Carolina, Cameron of West Virginia, Carey of Wyoming, Coke of Texas, Dixon of Rhode Island, Dolph of Oregon, Hunton of Virginia, McLaurin of Mississippi, Macpherson of New Jersey, Manderson of Nebraska, Martin of Kansas, Power of Montana, Ransom of North Carolina, Walsh of Georgia, Washburn of Minnesota and Wilson of Iowa.

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THE Extraordinary Grand Jury of the Court of Oyer and Terminer in this city is said to have found no less than fifty-four bills against officials and ex-officials.

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AT a dinner given at the Waldorf Hotel on the evening of Ash Wednesday, after the first performance, by Rejane, of "Madame Sans Gêne" at Abbey's Theatre, by John W. Mackay, Jr., the insignia, colors and monograms were all Napoleonic. The guests were Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, Miss Mary Turnure, Mr. Frederick H. Baldwin, and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay.

A CONVENTION of manufacturers and laboring men is soon to meet in California, to devise measures for the sale of home-made goods. It is claimed that the general consumption of Eastern-made goods by the laboring classes on the Pacific Coast keeps local wages down to a low scale.

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THE herd of camels ranging between the Gila and Colorado Rivers, in the plains of Arizona, is said to be rapidly increasing.

* * *

SPAIN is already making her first envoy of seven thousand men to Cuba. She announces that she will crush the revolt at any cost. But it may not be so easy.

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DR. JOSEPH SENNER was confirmed by the Senate, March 3, as Commissioner of Immigration at this port.

* * *

INFLUENZA is still king in London. There are many severe, but few serious cases. A mixture of fifteen grains of citrate of potash in a tumbler of hot water with the juice of one lemon is said to be one of the best curative prescriptions yet found.

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IT is reported that William Waldorf Astor will soon dispose of all his English property, including his newspapers and magazines, and will return to this country.

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THE public library committee of the town of Ealing, in England, has suddenly discovered that Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The Manxman," is a highly improper book, and has withdrawn it from local circulation.

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MADAME MODJESKA, the celebrated actress, has not been allowed to play in her native Warsaw. This is presumably a vengeance for some remarks which she made in this country on the Russian oppression of the Poles.

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ARTIFICIAL rubies are now creating a serious disturbance in the jewel market in London and Paris.

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THE tragical death of M. Percher in a duel which grew out of the recent blackmailing scandals in Paris may possibly lead to some new legislation on the subject of dueling in France.

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AMONG ex-Queen Liliuokalani's papers was found a letter from a prominent American Congressman, who sent his heartiest wishes for her restoration, and informed her that he had named his baby girl after her. Let us have his name.

* * *

IT is rumored that an effort was made not long ago to settle the questions at issue between Messrs. Healy, Dillon, O'Brien and other members of the Irish Parliamentary party, by the arbitration of Mr. Gladstone. The G. O. M. agreed to act, on condition that they should abide by his decision. But Mr. Healy finally declined to give such a pledge.

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BROOKLYN'S veteran police superintendent, Patrick Campbell, has retired after nearly twenty-three years at the head of the force.

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IT is said that George Du Maurier would have made thirty thousand dollars instead of five thousand out of "Trilby" in this country if he had been willing to take royalties rather than a lump sum. He did not expect that Trilby's feet would travel so far.

* * *

THE break in the Cabinet of President Cleveland caused by the resignation of Postmaster General Bissell was not unexpected; nor was it singular. It would be the exception for President Cleveland to carry a Cabinet through from one end of his administration to another without a break. Only one President has succeeded in doing this. This was President Pierce, who filled his Cabinet in 1853 with the most eminent men in his party. They were William M. Marcy of New York, Secretary of State; James Guthrie of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury; Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, Secretary of War; James C. Dobbin of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; Robert McClelland of Michigan, Secretary of the Interior; James Campbell of Pennsylvania, Postmaster-General, and Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, Attorney-General. All of the other Cabinets from the beginning of the Government have been disrupted before the expiration of the term of the President appointing them.

Sometimes the breaks have been due to disagreements between the President and his advisers; sometimes members of the Cabinet, like Mr. Bissell, have found private business demands too great; sometimes men have resigned to accept other political offices. It has been a custom with Presidents for many years to take the members of Cabinets to fill

Federal offices, like positions on the Supreme Bench or the Circuit or District Benches of the United States. Mr. Gresham, now Secretary of State, made the Post-Office Department and the Treasury Department stepping-stones to a position on the Federal Bench.

* * *

SOME Cabinet officers have resigned because they were not in sympathy with the President's policy. It was in this spirit that all the members of Tyler's Cabinet, with the exception of Daniel Webster, the Secretary of State, resigned only a few months after taking office. This was part of a plan to embarrass the President, to which Mr. Webster declined to be a party. Andrew Jackson dismissed the members of his Cabinet for causes growing out of the marriage of Secretary Eaton to Mrs. Timberlake, and the refusal of the women of the Cabinet to recognize Mr. Eaton's bride. John Adams dismissed his Cabinet because he found the members not in harmony with his policy toward France. It has not been unusual for a President to ask the resignation of a member of the Cabinet or to dismiss him. It was the attempt of President Johnson to dismiss Secretary Stanton, in the face of the tenure-of-office act, which gave rise to the proceedings for the President's impeachment. The President was not impeached.

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NOR has it been altogether unusual in the past for the Senate to reject a nominee of the President for a Cabinet position; though usually the confirmation of Cabinet appointments is a matter of a few minutes. The members of the Senate believe that, unless the conditions be extraordinary, the President should have all freedom in choosing his official advisers. The first Cabinet officer rejected was Roger B. Taney, afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Taney was made Secretary of the Treasury to carry out Jackson's wishes that the deposits be withdrawn from the United States Bank. His two predecessors refused to obey the President in this. Taney's acquiescence in the wishes of Jackson incensed the adverse majority in the Senate and his nomination was rejected.

* * *

THE specifications adopted for the bridge over the Hudson River, between this city and New Jersey, by the directors, provide for a thirty-one-hundred foot span, and six tracks. The structure when completed will present the appearance of an immense lattice girder bridge, with a suspension bridge overhead. If the various Commissioners and the Secretary of War approve the specifications, the bridge can be completed in four years at a cost of twenty-three million dollars.

* * *

THE engagement of Hon. George G. Curzon, M.P., son of Lord Scarsdale, and a well-known traveler, and writer on Oriental geography and politics, to Miss Mary Leiter, daughter of Levi E. Leiter, formerly of Chicago, now of Washington, is announced.

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IT is said that at least six hundred million dollars in invested capital is involved in the decision of the Supreme Court, rendered March 4, that an American patent for an invention expires at the same time as a patent issued in a foreign country for the same invention.

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JUSTICE GEORGE BARRETT, at a special term of the Supreme Court in this city on March 5, granted to Mrs. Alva E. Vanderbilt a decree of absolute divorce from William K. Vanderbilt. The decree is in favor of Mrs. Vanderbilt, with custody of the children, and an obligation for Mr. Vanderbilt to make suitable provision for her and for them. It is reported that the terms include an agreement to pay Mrs. Vanderbilt two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year until her death. She can marry again; but he cannot — so long as she lives. The evidence in the case was not made public.

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MARINES and sailors are to be landed from United States men-of-war at Colon and Panama should there be any interference by the revolutionists with traffic on the Panama Railroad.

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CAPTAIN GENERAL CALLEJA of Cuba is said to have demanded the recall of the American Consul-General at Havana.

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MRS. WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH has been re-elected president of Sorosis.

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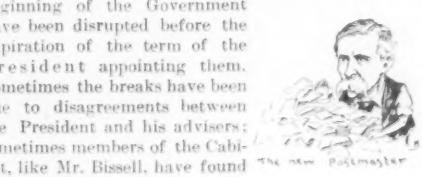
PRINCE METTERNICH, son of the famous Austrian statesman, and himself a diplomat of note, was found dead in his bed in Vienna, March 1.

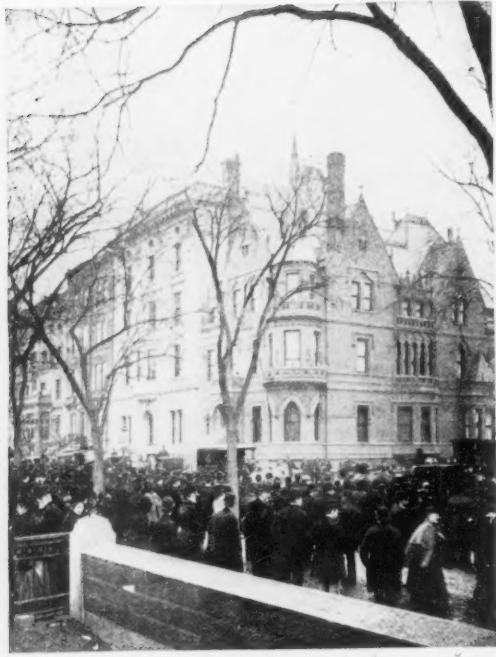
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THE complete suppression of the lottery traffic is provided for in the bill passed by the outgoing Congress.

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THE Grand Duke Alexis-Michaelovitch, son of Grand Duke Michael of Russia, died recently at San Remo.





VIEW OF GOULD MANSION, 5 AVENUE AND 67 ST.



THE COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE



FLEUR DE LIS, THE HOUSE OF BOURGOGNE, WHICH IS THE NAME OF THE HOUSE OF BONI DE CASTELLANE



THE GOULD MANSION SHOWING CROWD



MRS. PARAN STEVENS ARRIVES



PLATE NUMBER



THE COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE (MISS GOULD)



SCENE OUTSIDE JUST BEFORE THE CEREMONY



SCENE OF MISS GOULD'S WEDDING DAY

THE CASTELLANE-GOULD WEDDING.

(See page 5.)

COUNT AND COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE.

THIS is not likely that the social annals of New York for 1895 will have to chronicle an event of greater brilliancy and more widespread interest than the marriage of Miss Anna Gould, youngest daughter of the late Jay Gould, sixty-five times a millionaire, and the Count Boniface de Castellane, son of the Marquis de Castellane, and grandson of a Marshal of France, which important ceremony took place in New York on March 4, at the residence of Mr. George Gould, the brother of the bride.

The floral decorations for the wedding surpassed in lavishness anything of the kind ever before seen in New York. By means of a wire trellis foundation, the walls and ceilings of the principal rooms were literally covered with roses and lilies-of-the-valley, festoons of milax and asparagus fern also entering largely into the scheme of decoration. At the lower end of the main hall a great bank of blooming plants and trailing vines concealed the orchestra, which lent the joyful accompaniment of sweet music to the rippling talk and laughter of the guests, and the rustling of the ladies' heavy silk gowns. An aisle formed by two lines of potted rose-plants connected with white satin ribbons led from the stairway down which the bridal procession would pass to the dais in the Oriental room at which the marriage ceremony was performed, by Archbishop Corrigan.

The bridal procession was headed by the ushers, four in number—Mr. Howard Gould, Prince del Drago, Mr. Raoul Duval and Mr. Brockholst Cutting. The bridesmaids followed, all dressed alike in white cloth gowns trimmed with sable and wearing picture hats of black chiffon. They were Miss Helen Gould, Miss Kitty Cameron, Miss Beatrice Richards and Miss Adelaide Montgomery. The bride then appeared leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. George Gould. She wore a superb gown of heavy white satin made with a plain

was a silver bowl filled with mauve orchids. After the breakfast the Gould and De Castellane families retired to the library, where a civil ceremony was gone through by Judge Andrews of the Supreme Court.

The bride's going-away dress was of sapphire velvet, the bodice opening over a white satin vest trimmed with Honiton lace. The velvet cape was also trimmed

mist. "A Partisan," a lady in black against an orange background, painted by Clara Weaver Parrish, is dainty, as also is Ethel Flore's "She Was a Phantom of Delight." I liked "The Lonely Sea," by F. K. M. Rehn, and admired exceedingly Bruce Crane's "Solitude." Jules Guerin's "Fagot Gatherer" recalls Miller's subjects, and, in a measure, his treatment also. J. A. Fraser's "Passing Trains on Sixth Avenue" is a notable work, which ought to be exhibited abroad to show the transoceanic critics of the "hideous elevated railway" that even this unsightly feature of our city may have aspects both weird and picturesque. "At the Horse Show," by W. Granville Smith, is very well done.

In a limited space it is impossible to do justice to all who deserve special mention. Much could be said of the work of Walter Satterlee, W. Hamilton Gibson, J. Francis Murphy, Hamilton Hamilton, Carleton Wiggins, James D. Smillie, F. S. Church, George Wharton Edwards, Frederick Dielman, Leon and Percy Moran, B. West Climedinst, Harry C. Eaton, and others who are building up good reputations by conscientious work. The Society is to be congratulated on the showing made at this year's exhibit.

THE NEW RUSSIAN PREMIER.

PRINCE LOBANOFF ROSTOVSKY, who succeeds the late M. de Giers as Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and who will be as near the position of Premier as any one can in a land where the sovereign delegates very few powers, unites in his personal habits and character the best traits of Russia's complex civilization. He is a descendant of Rurik, the conqueror of Novgorod and

SOME OF THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

with lace. The hat was a mat of the velvet set off with ostrich plumes. The Count and Countess, eager to avoid the customary shower of rice, made a run for the carriage which stood at the door to convey them to the station. They were driven to the Grand Central, where a private car was in readiness to convey them to Irvington-on-Hudson, where the family seat, "Lyndhurst," is situated. On the following day they returned to New York, having taken passage to Liverpool on Wednesday's steamer. The count is eager to show his bride the ancestral home of the De Castellanes. They will, however, spend a short time in England first, and meanwhile the Marquis and Marquise will have returned home, and will be waiting to give them welcome.

The presents sent to the bride and groom number many hundreds, including a quantity of rare jewels, and articles of solid gold of exquisite workmanship. The most notable is the Esterhazy diamond which Miss Helen Gould presented to her sister. It is an exceedingly valuable stone with a history, and worthy to grace a queen's diadem. Another well-nigh priceless gift is the famous Castellane necklace of pearls, brought by the Marquis and Marquise de Castellane from France as their present to the bride. To these jewels the count added a pin containing a hundred and twenty-five diamonds, an emerald bracelet with a diamond pendant, and a ruby bracelet. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould's gift was a magnificent pearl necklace, composed of ten strings, held together by gold bars studded with diamonds. Mr. Edwin Gould gave a tiara of diamonds, and Mr. Howard Gould a diamond ornament for the hair. The Earl of Caithness sent a gold loving-cup, and Sir Roderick Cameron a gold bonbon spoon, the handle of which was studded with gems. A vinaigrette of agate and gold was the gift of Prince Loewenstein. The French Ambassador and Mme. Patenôtre sent an Egyptian hand-mirror of rock crystal, studded with scarabaei. The handle of twisted silver is inlaid with lapis lazuli and gold. Mr. P. F. Collier presented Count de Castellane with a valuable Irish hunter. A hand-painted ivory satin fan with ivory sticks was the gift of one of the bridesmaids to the bride. The Marquis de Castellane gave in addition to the other gifts, a swallow with outstretched wings set with diamonds, and ruby eyes. But even to name all the gifts would fill more space than we can afford.

While the procession moved slowly into the room the musicians played Handel's "Largo," "In Spring," by Grieg, and the Wedding March from "Lohengrin," by Wagner, as the bride appeared, the groom entered from another direction and waited for her at the dais, where Mr. Gould, retiring a few steps, left them standing together. Mrs. Gould and her mother, Mrs. Kingdon, followed the bride into the room, then came the Marquis and Marquise de Castellane and the other relatives and intimate friends. Just before the ceremony, the sweet notes of a woman's voice broke the silence. It was Frau Sucher, of the German Opera, singing Elsa's song from "Lohengrin." It was followed by Gounod's Ave Maria, at the close of which Archbishop Corrigan opened the religious ceremony, which was extremely brief. The usual questions being put and answered, his Grace pronounced the solemn words: "By the authority committed in me I pronounce you man and wife," and the simple girlhood of Anna Gould was merged into the dignity of the Countess de Castellane. While the bride was receiving the congratulations of her other

PRINCE LOBANOFF ROSTOVSKY,
The new Russian Premier.

founder of the Russian Empire. The Lobanoffs consider themselves more aristocratic than the Germanized Romanoffs who now hold the throne. Prince Lobanoff is a skillful diplomat, and it is said that he believes in the slow but steady progress of the Russian nation toward complete liberty. He was recalled from his diplomatic post at Vienna to take his present position.

CHARLES LANMAN, the well-known writer and traveler, died in Washington March 4, aged eighty-one. He was once private secretary of Daniel Webster, and was the author of the "Dictionary of Congress."

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, the famous English archaeologist, and long the head of the Royal Geographical Society, is dead.

DR. HACK TUKE, the well-known British writer upon mental diseases, died in London March 5.

JUST before Congress adjourned Speaker Crisp announced the appointment of Messrs. Culberson of Texas and Hitt of Illinois to act with himself as representatives on the part of the House to an International Money Conference whenever one is called.

The great naval fêtes at Kiel on the occasion of the opening of the North Sea Canal will be participated in by most of the leading Powers. This country will be represented by two warships.

THOMAS A. JONES, who secreted John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, on his farm in Maryland, after the crime, died recently.

HANS BALATKA'S fiftieth anniversary as a musical director in the Northwest was celebrated in Chicago on the 5th inst.

THE BENEDICT EXPLODES.

Oh, love is blind! Yes, to be sure!
And for such blindness there's no cure.
Yet, my dear wife—how she loves me,
And, equally, how she can see!

THOSE PEASANT GIRLS.

Dora—"That reminds me, I must inquire from my fiancé what business he is in."
Clara—"I judge by the looks of the ring he gave you, that he must be a glazier."



INDIAN ROOM, WHERE THE CEREMONY TOOK PLACE.

skirt with a train three yards long. The bodice was richly trimmed with point d'Angleterre lace. The bridal veil of exquisite lace was brought over for the occasion by the Marquise de Castellane. It was arranged so as to leave the face uncovered and hung down in the back almost to the border of the train. It was held in place by a diamond coronet, the gift of the groom. The countess is *petite* in figure, and has dark hair and eyes. Excitement lent to her cheeks a heightened color which was very becoming. She carried a huge bouquet of orange blossoms, fringed with lilies-of-the-valley. Her long train was borne by the two young sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, who were dressed for the part in the costume of pages of the Louis XVI. period.

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THE BRIDAL TABLE.

relatives and of the assembled guests tables were placed about the rooms by alert waiters, from which to serve the wedding breakfast—a feast of rare excellence. The bride's table was laid in the dining-room. It was shaped like the fleur-de-lis and covered with a white satin gold-fringed cloth. The decorations were mauve orchids. The service was of solid gold. The bridal party of ten sat at this table. The other guests were served at smaller round tables. In the centre of each

was a silver bowl filled with mauve orchids. After the breakfast the Gould and De Castellane families retired to the library, where a civil ceremony was gone through by Judge Andrews of the Supreme Court.

The bride's going-away dress was of sapphire velvet, the bodice opening over a white satin vest trimmed with Honiton lace. The velvet cape was also trimmed

with lace. The hat was a mat of the velvet set off with ostrich plumes. The Count and Countess, eager to avoid the customary shower of rice, made a run for the carriage which stood at the door to convey them to the station. They were driven to the Grand Central, where a private car was in readiness to convey them to Irvington-on-Hudson, where the family seat, "Lyndhurst," is situated. On the following day they returned to New York, having taken passage to Liverpool on Wednesday's steamer. The count is eager to show his bride the ancestral home of the De Castellanes. They will, however, spend a short time in England first, and meanwhile the Marquis and Marquise will have returned home, and will be waiting to give them welcome.

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THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN. A NOVEL,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

*Author of "A New York Family," "An Ambitious Woman,"
"A Gentleman of Leisure," "The House at High Bridge,"
"The Evil that Men Do," etc., etc.*

II.

OWN the Avenue," as we New Yorkers have got to call it, the memories and traditions are being put to flight, each fresh year, with sorriest expedition. One shudders to think how slightly preservative will prove the fine white grandeur of the new marble arch, and how two or three more decades may turn all the placid prosperity and gentility of North Washington Square into dreary a shabbiness as that which defaces its southern verges. But nowadays, from Twelfth Street down to the Brevoort House, are certain peaceful time dwellings, and in one of these had lived for many years Mrs. Jacob Dominick.

She was known to numerous people as a very kind and sweet old lady. She had soft blue eyes hidden behind her chronic gold-rimmed glasses, and that winsome peachy coloring which certain old women get who have lived pure lives and thought pure thoughts. She was immensely rich, even for these days of multi-millionaires, and immensely charitable. Some of those whom she had helped and uplifted in their fight with life used to say that you could see how tender was her heart by the lovely line of her thinned yet benevolent lips. But those lips could grow very hard at times—as hard as if she had been the most austere and avaricious of beldames. Wound her family pride, and you would see the change with instant speed. She held her small silver-tressed head very high. She had held it high in the days when she was Margareta Onderdonk and its locks were a beautiful bounteous auburn. She had made a notable match in marrying Jacob Dominick, a beau of almost the Battery and Bowling Green period. He had died long ago and left her his big possessions in city lands, whose value had enormously increased with succeeding years. A childless widow, with the chance of remarrying how she chose, it had pleased her to show his memory an incessant loyalty; and as if in testimony of this calm yet deep devotion, she had adopted one of his relations, a grand-niece, Cornelia Dominick.

For Cornelia the old lady had made not a few sacrifices. She was supreme in a coterie of kinspeople, all of whom waited for a share of her millions at some near day. She had but to lift her finger, when Cornelia came of age, and certain fashionable young matrons of the reigning sets were only too enchanted to aid in the bringing out of her ward and even the taking her to Europe as well. Cornelia Dominick, as it happened, had gone into society the same year that Dorothea Rathburne had gone. Both girls were belles, though Cornelia was believed the greater heiress of the two. It was well known that her grand-aunt adored her; and while the greedy longing of more than one heart might end in disappointment, there was little doubt that to this girl would fall a dower of great worth.

Cornelia was more striking to look upon, in certain lights and below the spell of certain colors, than the friend with whose name her own was so often coupled. Her type was dark, the brows being faultlessly arched and penciled, the eyes two glimpses of starlight, and the hair blue-black, with that long flexible wave which so much better suits the gloss and gloom of dark hair than when it crinkles short and crisp. She had a figure of about the same height as Dorothea's, but a prouder and colder air. For two seasons the girls had held their own with an equal sway in the world of mode and caste. Both had necks and arms of nice symmetry. Cornelia's olive-tinted, Dorothea's a charm of "rose-misted marble," to borrow one of Browning's enthusiasms. At a great ball, during the previous winter, somebody with a neat wit had said of the two courted young damsels that it was a "neck-and-neck" race between them. The *mot* had gone flying about among the cliques, and the newspapers had repeated it. One of these had adorned its voluminous Sunday edition by printing their portraits together, in a pair of inter-blended medallions, with an underlying legend, flamboyant as a bill-poster.

Dorothea had simply smiled contempt at this blazoning assault on personal privacy. But it had hurt Cornelia with a cutting pain, and even drawn from her fiery though secret tears. At this time each girl had more than one male devotee, but among these was a young man whose attentions had for a good while seemed to waver between both. In every sense Cornelia Dominick was far more worldly than her friend, Dorothea, and Gerard Spottiswoode was just the sort of match which it might have been thought she would have selected for reasons wholly mundane. But if she had fallen in love with Spottiswoode through the medium of the head she had also fallen in love with him through the medium of the heart. She was a girl who would never have married, in current phrase, beneath her. But with all her pride, all her exclusiveness, she would rather have stayed forever single than marry without sentiment—yes, or without positive passion as well.

Her own chagrin at the bit of newspaper vandalism was acute, but the wrath and sorrow of her grand-aunt, Mrs. Jacob Dominick, filled her for a time with self-forgetful alarm.

"I've a great mind to go abroad with you and stay there," cried the old lady. "It's nearly ten years since I crossed, and when I last returned from Europe I believed that my old bones would soon be laid beside your uncle's in our vault at St. Paul's. But God has chosen to let me live on, and now I feel as if this hideous thing must force me to die outside of my native land."

Such talk, in its fanatic hyperbole, showed Cornelia the pettiness of her own discomfiture. Besides, she had the consolation of Gerard Spottiswoode, who had made a slight gesture of dainty disgust at the whole vulgar business, and had said, "How can you mind such mere peashooting as that?" On the other hand, she was filled with fear that Mrs. Dominick would put into

force her threat about going abroad. Cornelia did not by any means want to go, just then. She loved both England and London, it is true, with that flame of American ardor which the wettest autumnal rain and the darkest Piccadilly fog could not have quenched or choked. But she had shone in some of the best British drawing-rooms not long ago, and the idea of leaving her own country just at present did not please her, for a special and potent reason.

This reason loomed formidable, gigantic, and its name was Gerard Spottiswoode. He meant to her everything delectable in the way of matrimony. There were times when she wondered whether she chiefly loved him for being so run after by other girls and deporting himself with such perfect composure amid storms of flattery, or whether it was just his individual charm that captured her, or whether it was the thought of how he could place her in a palace on the Park after their marriage and make her a leader of leaders, without a shadow of "struggle" on either of their names, and the safest exemption for both from any sneer in which that odious word "yesterday" was mingled.

Then she would passionately tell herself that if he had not a dollar and were the merest nobody, she would still love him, precisely as now. She would not marry him, of course; for she was a young woman who had drunk deep of a certain bitter philosophy. Many of her time and class have quite denuded marriage of its sacramental sanctity, and wrapped its fair ideal in a haze of sordid materialism. If Cornelia had not gone quite so far as that, she still held very hard and cold views on the matrimonial question.

Now it was the January of her third season. For weeks past, Gerard Spottiswoode had hovered in his attentions between Dorothea and herself. The two girls had been very intimate all this time, with a depth of subtlety in their mutual relations that could be sounded by no conceivable plummet. They were both recipients of many courtesies and devotions from Spottiswoode. Each believed that the other wanted intensely a full declaration from him, and each watched the other with an enormous veiled vigilance. Yet really, on Dorothea Rathburne's part, the attitude was less high-strung and imperative. Cornelia did not perceive this; it was not in her scope of observance to do more than suspect Dorothea of a passing fancy for Adam Strangford. She could understand that her friend liked Strangford very much. She liked him, too. He was a man from whom she shrank as impossible in the sense of a lover, yet whom she held frankly as delightful in the sense of a friend. She had not a suspicion that Dorothea, with all her open professions of inherited democracy, would for an instant have dreamed of giving him her hand. She liked Adam Strangford a little better, perhaps, because conscious that he regarded her with a quiet, unconscious indifference. The Rathburnes, with their friendship for him (father, mother and daughter), could easily have "got him out," have made him a social somebody. But Strangford had calmly looked upon the strongholds of society as places outside his aim or wish. This posture had seemed to Cornelia like willful affectation, at first; then she had consented to regard it in the light of piteous though diverting eccentricity.

Meanwhile the displeasure of Mrs. Dominick had dwindled. Affairs in the solemn old house had gone on quite as before. This meant that Cornelia bloomed like a damask rose amid the dimness and plainness of surroundings which her aunt desired to keep un molested by modern usage. Still, there were changes that gladdened the somber interiors of drawing-rooms and other apartments. Bright Persian rugs gleamed below the heavy old mahogany doors, and lamps in shades of rose or saffron silk shed their lustres on family portraits painted (and too often with lahest art) a half century ago.

Cornelia had once protested rather stoutly against this continuance of ancient environments. "If you won't move into a more modern house, aunt," she had pleaded, "will you not let this house be made to look more as if we and not our great-grandfathers dwelt in it?" And then Mrs. Dominick had made what she chose to call concessions, though they struck Cornelia's world as very meager ones. The popping of a champagne cork had for her aunt's ears a sound that was literally immoral, and if she had scented the odor of roast duck at two o'clock in the morning, she might have felt, pronounced Protestant that she was, a Romanistic impulse to cross herself.

"I imagine that some of the smart people who come to me," Cornelia would tell Dorothea, "think me sepulchral housed. The George Delavans do, I'm sure, and the Willie McCloskys. They sniff (or endeavor not to sniff) at the solemn dreariness of my home. They live in such an end-of-the-century sort of splendor at their beautiful brand-new mansions uptown that I always suspect them of crossing our Dominick threshold with a kind of dutiful disgust."

"Their money, mighty as it is, Cornelia, couldn't purchase anything so genuine and authentic as your calm old residence, smelling of memories, challenging pretension, hinting almost of history itself."

"Yes, yes, Dorothea, I know. . . . But look at *this* house. It's as old as ours, and yet how your charming father has kept it living, not let it grow torpid and apathetic as Aunt Margaretta has done with ours."

"But, Cornelia," her friend would urge, "think of your gay and brilliant relations! It seems to me that one of them is forever giving you either a dinner or a dance."

"Yes—yes. Oh, I concede that. But, after all, one's own habitation means so much! I envy you yours, Dorothea."

She had already begun to envy Dorothea in other ways. She saw that Gerard Spottiswoode's allegiance wavered, but a gloomy dread had beset her lest it should soon cease to waver at all. The girls, meeting often as they did, would look into one another's eyes and assume an amity which neither had continued to feel. There is nothing more pathetic, just as there is nothing more intricate and problematic, than this same show of unanimity, of friendship, between two women who each wish to marry a man professedly the admirer of both. Each is on her guard for a chance admission, confession, betrayal. Each masks her anxiety with a smile, and yet each employs the alertest dexterity to pierce with the rapier-point of her intelligence some tiny rift

of self-disclosure. Two nimble-wristed duelists, with sword-points in tinkling conjunction, and with bodies ready for the swiftest backward springs, are not warier, more vigilant, more dissimulative.

And yet Cornelia's thoughts often ran thus: "If she gets him it will be the triumph of her ambition only. She cares for him only that way. I care for him because that way and the other. For this reason it will be horrible to me if I lose him!"

All through the previous December it had seemed to her as if he might at any moment speak. And yet she knew that Dorothea was likewise expectant. One day her aunt said to her:

"My dear Cornelia, I am told that Gerard Spottiswoode is on the verge of asking you to be his wife. Is it true?"

Cornelia flushed furiously, and stammered a reply: "He . . . hasn't asked me . . . yet, Aunt Margaretta. If he does—"

And there she paused. "If he does, my dear," announced Mrs. Dominick, very placidly, "you'll accept him, of course. And he *will* ask you very soon, I'm confident. Your Aunt Fanny Chichester and your Cousin Elizabeth Thorndyke both assure me that he loves you, Gerard, as you know, is my grand-nephew by blood, just as you are my grand-niece by marriage. There is no consanguinity between you; I would form a kind of connecting bond." Here Mrs. Dominick took off her glasses, a rare act with her. Dim as her old eyes were, Cornelia saw them flash with tell-tale vividness. "I can't express to you," the old lady went on, "how the thought of this marriage delights me. I've silently hoped for it through a good many months. Now that it seems an accomplished fact, I—"

"Aunt, aunt!" broke in Cornelia; "it isn't an accomplished fact. It may never be one!"

"Tut-tut," said Mrs. Dominick, putting on her glasses again, after having for several seconds made the finest of cairn-like kerchiefs overfluster her. "Then, my dear, the fault will be yours. Bah! absurdity! With your looks, your name, your expectations! Yes, beyond a doubt the fault *will* be yours. I learn that Gerard casts glances elsewhere. M . . . yes . . . On Dorothea Rathburne. But there's no danger in that quarter, my child, if you're only gracious and pliant enough. Not immodestly so—Heaven forbid! But that Rathburne girl to you, Cornelia, is a rushlight to a chandelier! And besides, all that family—But I'll not say spiteful things. I have my sinful spots, dear, but charity, I trust, cloaks them in their multitude."

Cornelia put her strong young arms about the frail figure. "Auntie, you've been a saint to me!" she cried. "We've loved each other dearly, and I could have got you to do anything I wanted of you if I had only asked you hard enough. You'd have opened this old house for a ball and sat up till three o'clock (don't deny it, for you know you would!) if I'd really begged you such a favor. But I didn't, because I respected your feelings, your prejudices, your dislikes."

"You've been very considerate, Cornelia."

"Pooh! Give me a kiss. There—that's right. I haven't been considerate at all. I do hope, though, that I've been a little reverent. . . . And now, auntie, listen: I want with all my heart to please you in—in a certain affair."

"With all your heart, Cornelia? Why then it's settled, of course."

To her aunt's dismay Cornelia suddenly recoiled, and burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.

"It isn't settled, aunt! It never can be except by him. And I have my doubts—my terrible, torturing doubts—as to whether he really cares for me or not!"

All the next day old Mrs. Dominick kept brooding what course to take with her young kinswoman. Should she send for Gerard and have matters out with him, squarely and simply? Or should she let matters take their own course and arrange themselves to the victory of her own dark-eyed darling and the defeat of that rather vapid and worldly-wise Rathburne girl?

Another day brought the announcement of Dorothea's betrothal to her nephew. Cornelia herself imparted this news. Her mood had changed, now, to one of stony quiescence. Mrs. Dominick had seen enough of her in another mood to realize what silent suffering raged within the depths of her stung and tortured soul. In a few more days Gerard Spottiswoode made his great-aunt a formal visit. He came to the old house down Fifth Avenue with a most decorous and deferential motive. He considered it his duty personally to inform her of his engagement; and Gerard Spottiswoode was a man who always strove to do his duty whenever he clearly perceived its demands. That was one of the reasons why so many people thought him, with his lavish gifts of fortune and general presentability, the most enviable match in all our big metropolis—or, as they more colloquially put it, the best match in town.

Mrs. Dominick received him downstairs in the spacious, antiquated drawing-room. He soon grew very nervous after taking her cold, limp hand. Hitherto he had thought her somewhat careless of her grand-niece's matrimonial future: Cornelia had never even inferred that she had it greatly at heart. But now he was promptly made to learn the depth of her disappointment and dismay.

(Continued next week.)

DIDN'T SEE IT.

Pat—"Are ye good at arithmetic, Mike?"

Mike—"Oi am."

Pat—"Well, if ye had a suv'rin, an' oi axed you fer ten shillings, how much would ye hav left?"

Mike (decidedly)—"A suv'rin."

Pat—"Ah, yez don't seem to see my ideea?"

Mike—"No; an' ye won't see my ten shillin'."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A KIND OF HYPOCRITE.

He grips your hand with hearty and fervid pressure;
A wealth of candor beams from his full smile;
Yet no Machiavelli could outmeasure
The pass of his ambuscaded guile.

"I may care you;
With warm phrase blunt and terse!
At—
As-toned "God bless you"
Can clo—
Scorpion of a curse.

Thus brazenly through life, its one most daring
And dangerous masquerader, doth he go!
Frank as Jack Falstaff in his outward bearing,
But wily as Mephistopheles below! EDGAR FAWCETT.



LAST summer when Americans went to London, and, as usual, asked what there was to be seen at the theatres, they were told that, in addition to the ordinary attractions of the regular English stock companies, they must not fail to see the wonderful new French actress. "She really is an extraordinary person," an English critic not given much to enthusiasm said to me at a crowded literary reception. "She came here absolutely unknown, yet the first night of her appearance in London she carried her audience by storm, and the theatre has been crowded at every performance since that time."

"Then she's a second Sarah Bernhardt," I remarked.

"No, that is just what she is not. She's not in the least like Sarah. There is no actress that I have ever seen whom I can compare her with. She is absolutely unique."

After that I was naturally infected with the prevailing desire to see Madame Rejane. Surely an actress, a French actress at that, who could come to England and, speaking an unfamiliar tongue, rouse the Londoners to enthusiasm, must be, if not a great artist, certainly an artist of unusual gifts. Moreover, she was appearing in a play by that master of stagecraft, Victorien Sardou, based on that most fascinating period in all history embracing the career of the first Napoleon. It was no matter if the playbills announced that Sardou had in the preparation of the work the co-operation of Moreau, a writer almost unknown out of Paris. His name was the magnet that attracted attention to the piece, and his fame threw his collaborator into the background.

In the very choice of his subject the craftsmanship of the craftsman was displayed; at the moment when the civilized world was witnessing a kind of Napoleonic Renaissance, when everything relating to the Emperor was being eagerly read and discussed, Sardou was shrewd enough to galvanize the historic figure into life again by the brilliancy of his art and by means of the vivid background that the theatre afforded. He chose, however, to throw a side-light on Napoleon, to silhouette him, rather than make him the chief figure in his drama. Whether he was altogether wise in this or not may be open to dispute. At any rate, the public has stamped the result with approval.

Napoleon is seen, as it were, in the light of a delightful and altogether original, almost whimsical romance, and the chief figure of this romance forms a most striking contrast with his own, a contrast that lends itself admirably to the devices of the theatre. But the character presented great difficulties: the actress who should play it acceptably must make apparently inharmonious qualities harmonious—must blend wit with ignorance, vulgarity with kindness of heart, awkwardness with grace. In other words, she must express the outward signs of a common breeding with the natural graces of a pure heart, a clever mind and a generous spirit. Moreover, she must have that rarest of qualities, which is perhaps the most essential equipment of an actress, magnetism. Madame Rejane was selected for the role, and her success in it is the best proof that could be given of the versatility of her powers and the force of her personality.

Before seeing Madame Rejane I was told that she was not beautiful. "In fact, she's really ugly," a clever English woman, devoted to the theatre, said to me. "But she is so fascinating, and her face is so intelligent and so varied in expression, that after a while she seems almost pretty to you." I must confess that I was charmed with her as soon as she appeared on the stage. I forgot to ask myself if she really were pretty or not. I saw a face fairly radiating with intelligence, clear blue eyes that reminded me of Trilby's "twin stars," a nose distinctly *retrousse*, a clear brow framed in light-brown hair, and a large mouth, which has been called the defect of the face, but which really gives it its character. As soon as Madame Rejane in the role of Catherine, "Madame Sans Gene," appeared on the scene, she dominated it: in her washerwoman's dress surrounded by the linen she had just hung up to dry in her clean, wholesome-looking shop, she was the very embodiment of the French *bourgeoise*. As soon as she spoke, in her clear, penetrating, musical voice, full of decision and character, she confirmed the impression that her mere appearance had created, the impression of mastery. In that wonderful prologue of "Madame Sans Gene," one of the finest pieces of writing that Sardou has given us, direct, forcible and logical, leading up quickly and interestingly to a delightful denouement on which the whole of the remainder of the piece hangs, Madame Rejane did not strike one false note. She did add, on the contrary, touch after touch to the picture of a strange, vulgar, shrewd, loving and lovable man, and when the curtain fell the audience felt perfectly acquainted with her and eager to follow the develop-

ment of her fortunes. With the most delicate touches she had made her finest effects. One of the best of these was her little cry of impatience when she had driven the crowd out of her shop, and was in a hurry to close the doors and go to bed. Then, too, her scenes with her lover were carried most lightly, with a fine play of humor and subtle emotion.

The first act of "Madame Sans Gene" disappointed me when I thought it over, but I must confess that I watched its progress with delight. The humor is forced; consequently the acting, which was always in harmony with the author's idea, seemed considerably strained. I suppose that Madame Rejane might not be blamed for playing in the spirit of the comedy, which here, by the way, descended to farce. Accepting the conditions and judging her by what she tried to do, she must be given high praise. It was hard to believe, however, that such a graceful creature as she had in the prologue shown herself to be, could possibly be so awkward as the dramatist made her seem when she was trying on her new clothes and practicing for her appearance at a great social function. May not this, however, be the fault—if fault it can be called—of the actress? Was the real Madame Sans Gene, the Sans Gene of history and of the dramatist's imagination, the naturally graceful, charming creature that Madame Rejane with her personality could not help making her?

This brings to my mind a talk about Madame Rejane that I had with M. Francisque Sarcey, the dramatic critic, in Paris several months after seeing her for the first time. I spoke in enthusiastic terms of her art, and Sarcey, his short, stout frame seated comfortably before the blazing fire in his big book-lined study, stroked his pointed white beard and smiled with his little blue eyes. "Ah, yes," he said, "she is a charming actress, but she is not really suited to the part of Madame Sans Gene—that is, to the real woman that has come down to us in history and report. The character ought to be played by a great, stout, awkward person, thoroughly vulgar in speech and in manners. Sometime before Sardou's piece was brought out here another play on the same subject was given at one of the smaller Paris theatres. It was an excellent play, better than Sardou's, and the character of Sans Gene was played by an actress who might have been made for it and who sustained it perfectly. Of course Madame Rejane's impersonation has many delightful features, but she is not the woman for the role."

So the great French critic would doubtless lay at least a part of the blame for the acting in the first act of "Madame Sans Gene" to the performers. He would surely do full justice, however, to Madame Rejane's admirable work in the remaining acts. In these she came face to face with Napoleon, but even against the historic figure, to which the whole attention of the audience might naturally be expected to be directed, she more than held her own. One of her best pieces of acting was given in her scene with the Emperor when she told him of her services in the army and excited his enthusiasm and applause by her spirit and courage. And what could be finer than her archness when she presented him with the bill for the washing of his linen which he had for so many years neglected to pay? That was the very acme of comedy acting, and I for one could feel, and I still feel, that any actress who could do such delicate work as that might be forgiven such shortcomings as a lack of awkwardness and of an ungainly figure.

It is a curious fact that with the appearance of Napoleon "Madame Sans Gene" begins to decline in artistic merit. The dramatist's skill is sustained to the end; the situations are clearly outlined, and the denouement of each act is strong and rapid. The incidents, however, are trivial; there is a suggestion of the ludicrous in the Emperor's suspicions of his second wife, and the part he plays in trying to entrap her is distinctly unheroic. These considerations, however, occur to one only when the play is finished and time is given for a calm consideration of it in all its aspects. For the moment the power of the dramatist is so great as to make the critical faculties lie dormant and to arouse only interest and emotion.

On the whole, "Madame Sans Gene" cannot be regarded as a great drama. It is, on the contrary, the work of a dramatic commentator on a great historical period, and as such it is an interesting contribution to the stage. To be justly appreciated, it should be seen in French. I know of its excellent introduction in America, and I have not been surprised to hear of the difficulties that attended its interpretation in English. As a matter of fact, many of Madame Sans Gene's speeches cannot be translated; they are in a most difficult *argot*, full of wit and character, comparable with no other slang in the world. Then, too, they should come from the lips of a Frenchwoman, of a French *bourgeoise*, and even those who have seen the piece in English should see it again in French in order to enjoy the delicious flavor that Madame Rejane gives to it. They would enjoy, too, the marvelously fine impersonation of Napoleon, by Duquesne, an actor already well and favorably known in the United States for his admirable work with Sarah Bernhardt and with Coquelin and Jane Hading.

I have spoken of "Madame Sans Gene" as if it were Madame Rejane's great role for two reasons: because, in spite of its faults, the play has been the most discussed play of the year, not only in France, England and America, but also in several other countries, where it has been produced in translations, and because the chief character has served to give one of the leading actresses of France a recognized place among the foremost artists of her time. Yet, notwithstanding her success with it, "Madame Sans Gene" is not one of Madame Rejane's great parts. As a matter of fact, she has no great role. And herein lies one of her most distinctive merits, a merit that lifts her far above most of the successful actresses of this generation, who have fallen, as they say in their own parlance, into "one line of business" and are content to stay there. For many years—how many it would be ungracious to say, for Madame Rejane is still a young woman—the creator of "Madame Sans Gene" has been appearing before Parisian audiences in roles so absolutely unlike one another that it is almost impossible to believe that the same person could play all of them. When I first saw her in "Madame Sans Gene" it seemed to me that she must have been created for the part, that she could play no

other, that her ability consisted solely in the expression of a certain good-natured vulgarity. Some months later in Paris I went to see her as Nora in the "Dolls' Home." She could not have given a more admirable and convincing proof of her versatility than she gave on this occasion. I had already seen Miss Beatrice Cameron play the part in America, as I thought then, perfectly; Miss Cameron is by no means a notable actress, but the part of Nora might have been written for her, so thoroughly just and fine is her interpretation of it. But I found that Madame Rejane as Nora not only expressed all that Miss Cameron had been able to express, but she also added distinction to the character that Miss Cameron's interpretation lacked. She was not only not vulgar—she was instinct with refinement and delicacy. Since that time I have seen Madame Rejane play the part of a *grande dame*. Those who know her only as Madame Sans Gene will think such a part quite out of her reach; yet she played it with ease, grace and strength, as if, indeed, it were the type of character she was used to portraying.

All this will serve to show what a genuine artist Madame Rejane is and how justly she is entitled to be placed among the great French players who have visited America during the past half-century. Of course, the greatest of all the French actors known to American audiences is Rachel, who had a tremendous success in the United States at a time when only a handful of the people here understood the French language. Since then Sarah Bernhardt has repeatedly visited America, and her early successes encouraged Coquelin, Jane Hading and Monet-Sully to follow her. Of these Monet-Sully, in spite of his undoubted genius, was the least popular. His financial failure, in spite of the appreciation he won from the genuine lovers of good acting, has made many wonder if Madame Rejane will repeat his experience. I feel sure that she will not. Monet-Sully failed because Americans have little love for tragedy in general, and no love whatever for French tragedy in particular, which, by the way, is now becoming wearisome and in some instances almost ridiculous to the French themselves, notwithstanding their reverence for artistic tradition. Madame Rejane on the contrary, plays chiefly comedy, and in America comedy is popular. Moreover, it gives the actress full scope for her remarkable facial expression and skill in gesture, which in large measure make her movements intelligible even to those who cannot understand her speech.

I hope that all lovers of acting and that all of our actors who have an opportunity will see Madame Rejane during her brief visit in America. The first will experience an artistic delight, and the others will be treated to an admirable lesson. For long training in the best French schools has made the actress a mistress in her art. She began to study at the Conservatoire while still a mere child. There her natural talent was found to be so great that she was made a *pensionnaire*, which means that she was given a scholarship in order that she might study at a minimum of expense. On leaving the Conservatoire she appeared in several of the smaller theatres of Paris, playing roles of all kinds which gave full exercise to her versatility. Each of these she rendered with absolute fidelity, neglecting no detail to make her interpretation accord with the author's design. With regard to the dressing of a part she learned to be most scrupulous, and now she is celebrated for her correctness in this regard. In "Madame Sans Gene," for example, as the washerwoman she appears in the simplest attire, and when she becomes Madame la Marchale she wears gowns that on the first night of her appearance in the part fairly created a sensation.

From the smaller theatres Madame Rejane was graduated to the Odeon, which is regarded as the second Theatre Francais and has been the scene of the early successes of many of the best French artists, among them the great Sarah herself. It was here that the actress met M. Porel, in his early youth an actor of great ability, who had, however, given up acting to devote himself to management and was then the director of the grand Theatre. A few months after leaving the Odeon Madame Rejane became Madame Porel, retaining, however, her stage name. Since then her greatest triumphs have been won at the Vaudeville, under her husband's direction, and several of these will doubtless be repeated during her American tour.

JOHN D. BARRY.

THE OFFICE DOG'S WISDOM.

I HAVE noticed that the dog which barks the most rarely stops to bite. We're not like men and women: we can't bite while we are talking.

Now that economy is the rule of the hour, a good many men "cut down" like the man who cut his dog's tail off just behind his ears. Rather too much cur tailing about that.

Seems to me I never knew a Congress to yelp so much and hunt so little as the one that has just gone home.

I'm sorry to see a disposition to hinder the building of more ships for our new Navy. As a sensible dog, I vote to keep our bark on the sea.

I looked in at the Stock Exchange the other day. I never saw anything to equal it except a good big dog-fight.

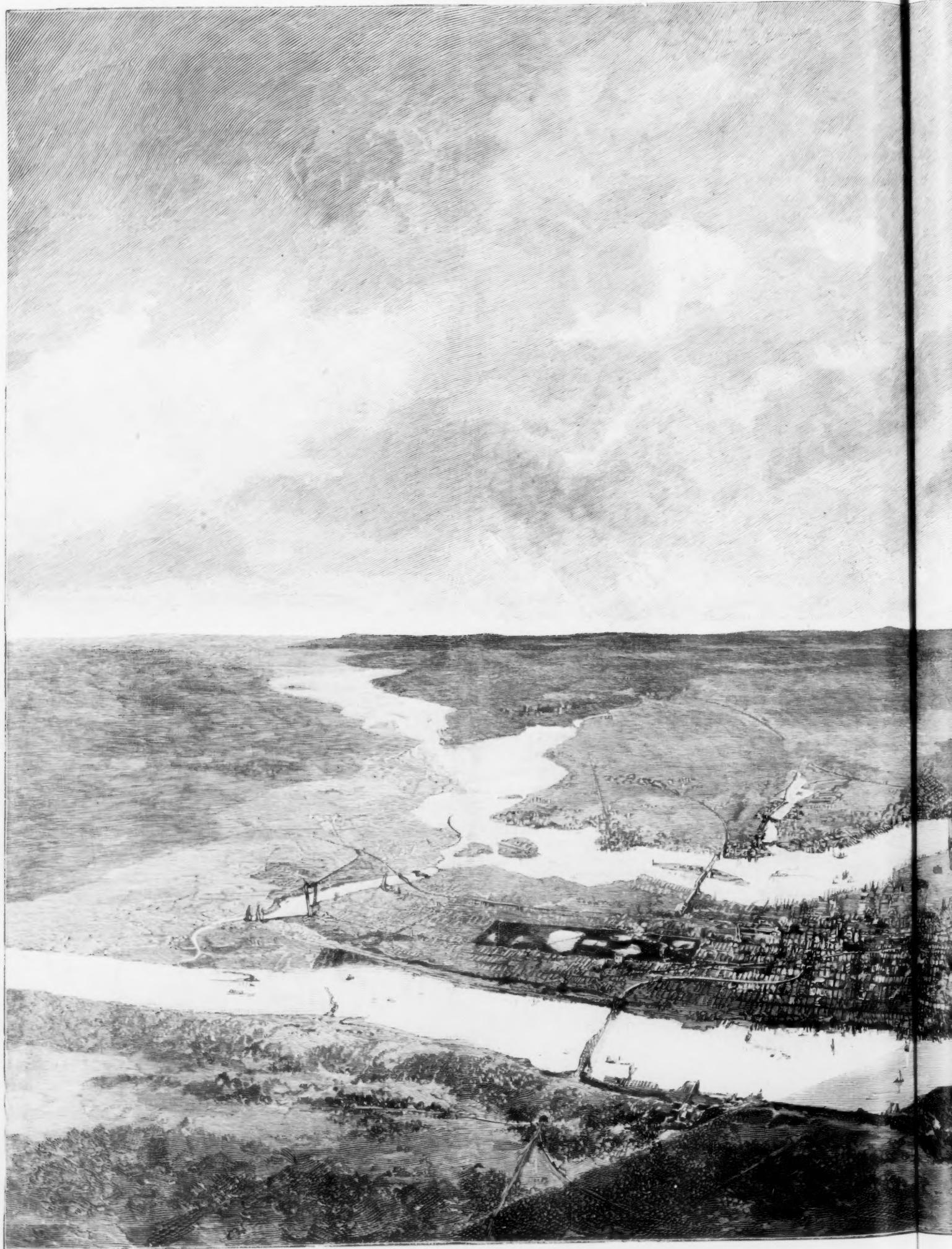
This lunching on Senators' speeches "sent to the editor to reproduce" must be stopped. I am getting indigestion very fast.

That was a wise fellow who said that the best thing about a man is generally his dog. Why, if it wasn't for us, the country would long ago have gone to the bow-wows.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children, infants, & young fowls, &c. It relieves pain of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



ONCE WE



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE CITIES AND TOWNS T

(See key on page)

CE WEEK.



TOWNS TO BE INCLUDED IN "GREATER NEW YORK."

(See key on page 11.)

American Comic Journalism

BY T.B. CONNERY
(Copyrighted by the author.)

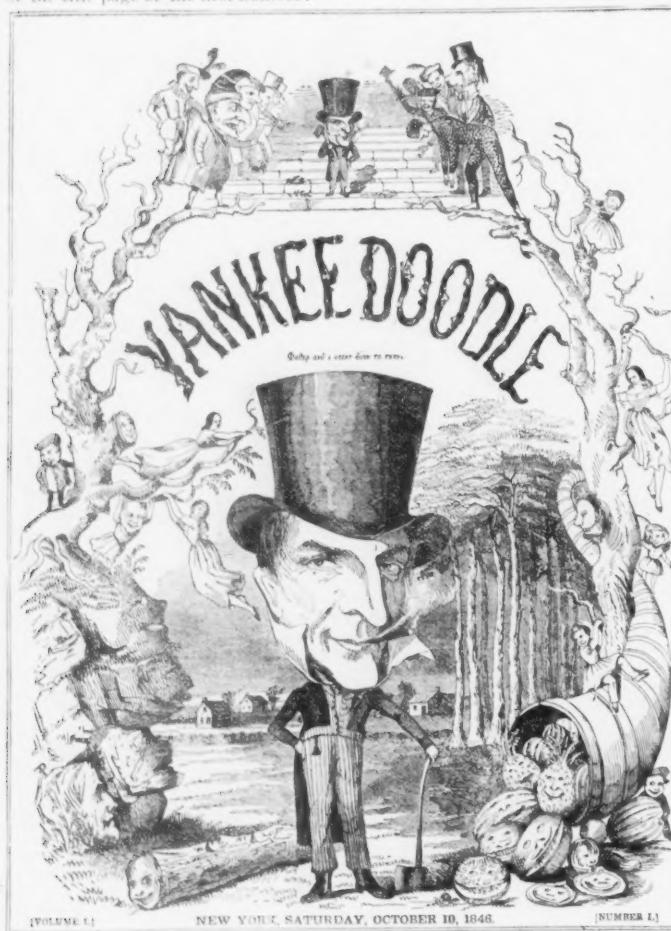
The author of these articles on American Comic Journalism will thank any reader to point out errors or omissions that may be observed. Being anxious to make his history as complete and reliable as possible, he has endeavored to obtain at least one copy of each American comic paper published in this country and Canada; but in this he has been only partially successful. Great difficulty has been encountered in obtaining especially copies of first numbers of some of the earlier comic papers. In many cases he has not even been able to see such papers. He therefore begs all readers to aid him by advice or suggestion, and ask all who may have in their possession copies of such American or Canadian comic papers, or who may know where such can be had or seen, to communicate with him by mail to this office. Copies of first number of each comic particularly desired.

No. 7.
THE SEXTETTE OF 1846.

THERE was a brilliant little group of *literati* in New York in the year 1846 to whom I think should be given the name of the "Yankee Doodle Club." These were Richard Grant White, Evert A. Duyckink, George Foster, Parke Godwin, Charles F. Briggs and William Northall. The London *Punch* had been established for four years and had made a considerable noise in the world. Why, it was asked, can't we New Yorkers get up an American *Punch*? The six gentlemen I have named dined together in Delmonico's restaurant downtown to talk over such a project. Dr. Northall, who had written some fairly good burlesques for Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, appeared at the dinner armed with a rather large notebook. When White inquired the object, Northall declared that he intended to note down the good things uttered by the company to be used "as plums for the pudding it was proposed to serve to the public." One of the diners suggested modestly that the Doctor's book was *rather* large, and so it proved, for at the close of the feast there was not an entry in it. The "Yankee Doodle Club" was formed at this dinner, and the scheme of a new comic paper—what may be called the eldest son of the family—was conceived and the date arranged for the safe delivery of the first number of

"YANKEE DOODLE."

Many other names had been suggested, such as the *American Punch* and the *Laughing Eagle*, but the homespun title of *Yankee Doodle* was adopted. The vignette corresponded to this subject, as will be seen by the following reproduction of the title-page of the first number:



I do not know whether it is a mere accidental resemblance, or whether the artist P. really took our own amiable William M. Evarts as his model, but the fact is that *Yankee Doodle* is wonderfully like the spry, witty and wide awake lawyer. It is the massive Evartian head with the almost inadequate body. One recognizes about Mr. Doodle the unmistakable eye of Evarts, the cigar of Grant and the shirt-collar of the late Spinola.

I may give a few specimens of the style of illustration adopted by *Yankee Doodle* in its first number. Here is one, called "Watching the Telegraph."

One of the most remarkable things that appeared in *Yankee Doodle* was in the number dated January 9, 1847, which was a genuine comic foreshadowing of our present elevated railway system. When it is borne in mind that this was over thirty years before the elevated system was introduced and that not a word had even



WELL I'VE BEEN A-WATCHIN' THESE SLAGGY WEEKS THESE TWO MONTHS AND HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE LETTER OR ANYTHING ELSE.

been breathed seriously on the subject here or elsewhere, Mr. Doodle's illustration of his plan of relieving Broadway, if not his lucid exposition of its advantage, will be considered a little remarkable:

BROADWAY RELIEVED OF ITS TRAVEL.



"A Report signed 'many citizens of Watertown has recently demonstrated, as far as logic can demonstrate, that, 'all things considered, a Plank Rail Road is the most advantageous and *cheapest* that can be constructed over a soil not naturally fitted for road-making.' To prevent the mortification of being beaten by an obscure country town, *YANKEE DOODLE* calls upon the city authorities at once to take this matter in hand—not the road—but the feasibility of adapting it to our thoroughfares. As, by the common practice, Broadway would seem totally unfit for road-making, many dollars might be annually saved to the city treasury, and the wayfarers of that over-crowded artery gratefully relieved of the danger and inconvenience of traveling in omnibuses, by the novel plan set forth above. The road should be constructed of good solid plank, elevated about fifteen feet to admit the passage of the tall turn-outs of the upper ten—the only turn-outs on the road—without knocking off the hats of the drivers and footmen; supported in the centre of the street by locust uprights, which are very durable. Along this elevated plane a double stream of cars might fly with the velocity of a lie on the Magnetic Telegraph wires and without any very great danger to those cautious pedestrians who may take the sidewalks. Depots might be established at suitable distances—say one at Trinity and the other at Grace Church, thus uniting the two extremes of Broadway in commerce and piety. A star policeman should be stationed at each end to see that the exercises are not disturbed, and now and then to look into Wall Street. By this plan, the inhabitants of the upper wards might just step into Grace Church and hear the singing and arrive at Trinity time enough to hear the text; and after dozing through the sermon, return to Grace in time for the last voluntary. The Magnetic Wires might also be elevated on the plane of the Rail Road, and thus rid Broadway of that picturesque absurdity."

A few words respecting the careers of the founders of *Yankee Doodle* may be acceptable with this sketch of comic journalism, especially as some of them afterward became rather prominent.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Richard Grant White began his journalistic career as a musical critic, employed on the *Courier* and *Enquirer*, following this with a small afternoon paper, the *Evening Gazette*, and a singular experiment which had this origin: At that time, about fifty years ago, the question of a change of name for the United States was discussed. The subject was a meeting *virtuoso*. Mr. Alexander McEvers, were Henry R. Schoolcraft's new national name had been proposed—some favoring lieve, the choice of Washington Alleghania. On the strength therupon issued a small sheet entitled *The Alleghanian*. Attended, leaving only as its *Alleghanian* stretched for the front of a beer saloon on Mr. White since that day is known to all the world.



RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

was the son of an old-time publisher in Old Slip, who first job of presswork, as I am told may be seen by an entry printing of five hundred of was a fine specimen of the ducted for years the *Literary* can publications of its kind, preparation of several important illustrated. In Poe's *Literary* is made to Duyckink: "Duyckink under the *nom de plume* of the originators of *Arcturus*, a published in New York. He *homicie* and perpetual good



EVERT DUYCKINK.

came here from St. Louis, where he had been employed on the *Pennant*. He asked Cornelius Mathews to get him some employment, and Mathews introduced him to Mr. David Lee, then a well-known law reporter in New York, who claimed to have worked at reporting in England with Charles Dickens as his associate. By Lee's agency Foster obtained a position on the *Aurora*, started by Anson Herrick in the height of his glory as proprietor of the *Sunday Atlas*. After this Foster went on the *Tribune*, where he introduced "City Items," which he conducted for a long time, making it a most interesting and sparkling feature of New York journalism. He also contributed to that paper a series of sketches entitled "New York in Slices," which attracted much attention. It may be said that George Foster and Grant White were the real originators of *Yankee Doodle*.

CHARLES F. BRIGGS.

was the author of "Harry Franco" and "Tom Pepper," two satirical local novels in which living characters were freely introduced. Poe declared that Briggs's "Haunted Merchant" was an imitation of Smollett's manner, and that he "out-Heroded Herod in aping the peculiarities of his model."

WILLIAM K. NORTHALL.

was a New York dentist who had his office nearly opposite the old Olympic Theatre on Broadway, where Holland, the Placides, Mary Taylor and other prime artists of the day used to perform. In Northall's office many of the meetings of the "Yankee Doodle Club" were held to discuss the business affairs of the enterprise. He mingled teeth-fixing with the more congenial task of burlesque librettist. He also wrote a sketch of the history of Mitchell's old theatre.

PARKE GODWIN.

last, but by no means least, of the *Yankee Doodle* sextette was, as all the world knows, both son-in-law and biographer of the poet and journalist, William Cullen Bryant. His career was closely identified with that of the *Evening Post* until it fell into the hands of the Schurzes and the Whites, with only one short break when he made an unsuccessful attempt to found a new daily penny paper called the *Morning Post*. He has been deservedly admired and respected, though he seems never to have taken his proper place as editor, orator and humorist. He wrote many humorous articles for the editorial page of the *Evening Post* which may hold their own with the best.

(Continued next week.)



GREATER NEW YORK.

THE founding of "Greater New York," the vast work upon which the minds of many able and public-spirited men have been engaged, with courageous industry, for years, will be one of the most interesting events of this closing period of the century. If the present Legislature does its duty, by passing the Consolidation Act now before it, at this session, the metropolis of the Western World will be placed beyond the reach of successful rivalry on this Continent, and will enter the lists with London for the place of first city in the world. The present area of New York City is but a little more than forty square miles of territory; "consolidation" will result in an Imperial city extending over three hundred and seventeen square miles and containing a population of three millions. Thus, at one bound, New York will leave Chicago, with her one hundred and sixty square miles, forever behind in the great race for municipal supremacy. Greater London, with its six hundred and ninety square miles of area and 5,633,332 population, will be the only city superior in numbers and area to the proud commercial capital seated on the beautiful bay into which the lordly Hudson pours its waters.

The consolidation which it is proposed to accomplish is as follows: The municipal and parts of municipal corporations known as the city of Brooklyn and the town of Flatlands, in Kings County; the city of Long

Island City, the town of Newtown, the villages of Flushing and Jamaica, the villages of Far Rockaway, Richmond Hill, Whitestone and College Point, and that part of the town of Hempstead, in Queens County, which is westerly of a straight line drawn from the southeasterly point of the town of Flushing through the middle of the channel between Rockaway Beach and Shelter Island, in Queens County, to the Atlantic Ocean; the town of Westchester, the villages of Williamsbridge, Wakefield, and that part of the towns of Eastchester and Pelham, in the county of Westchester, which lies southerly of a straight line drawn from a point where the northerly line of the city of New York meets the centre line of the Bronx River, to the middle of the channel between Hunter's and Glen Islands in Long Island Sound; and the towns of Castleton, Middletown, Southfield, Northfield and Westfield, and the villages of Edgewater, New Brighton, Port Richmond and Tottenville, in Richmond County; all these are to be consolidated with the municipal corporation known as "the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the city of New York."

Truly this superb domain, which represents the metropolis and all the dependencies which have been growing up around her for more than two centuries and a half, will be a goodly heritage for the citizens of the "island capital" in the twentieth century. Even the most prosaic person will feel a little thrilled by an occasional vision of New York as she will be, say in 1950, when, girt around with majestic bridges, with her estuaries spanned by noble viaducts for electric roads, her islands ornamented with mammoth statues, and the remotest section touched by the same law which regulates the central quarter, she demonstrates how order

and supremacy can be brought out of confused and conflicting local legislations, and how completely true it is that, for cities as for individuals, "union is strength."

It is noteworthy that every municipality proposed by the Commissioners for union has declared in its

Rulers in the highest and best sense of the term; and they wish that in the government which will have to be formed for the composite city the matter of appropriations for local purposes shall be left largely to the inhabitants of the places. It is hoped by the organizers of the scheme of Greater New York that it may be given a bi-cameral government, large enough to be thoroughly representative of all classes and sections, and able eventually to manage its affairs without any interference from the State Legislature.

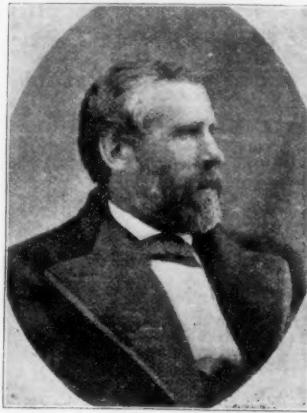
The pioneer in this great work is the veteran Andrew H. Green, of this city, the present president of the Municipal Consolidation Commission. Since 1868, when he first conceived the superb scheme of an enlarged metropolis, he has labored for it unweariedly and with magnificent courage, without compensation, often in the face of lack of appreciation. It was while engaged in laying out the North End of the city, in 1870, that the plan of Greater New York took full shape in his mind. By the force of his own convictions he rallied to him such able citizens of Brooklyn as the venerable Mr. Stranahan, and very gradually opinion in the two principal cities interested has been raised to the level of the scheme. It is a public service which will be appreciated more and more yearly, and will rise to heroic proportions in the eyes of men when New York has attained a complete commercial grandeur equal to, if not surpassing, that of London.



JUDGE W. D. VEEDER.
Member of the Commission.

he will probably conceal with care the fact that he ventured to obstruct the advance of "mighty Manhattan." At the autumn elections in 1894, the decided majority of 44,188 votes for Consolidation was won. Doubtless much of the opposition manifested in Brooklyn at that time arose from a certain civic pride, the basis of an unwillingness to be absorbed, and a fear that there would be an increase of taxation, etc. The excellent and overpowering arguments of Mr. Edward C. Graves and other Brooklynites devoted to the cause of Greater New York have now, it would appear, vanquished all the objections of the City of Churches to put on Father Knickerbocker's wedding ring. A careful study of the facts will convince any unprejudiced person that our sister city has everything to gain by union with New York.

There is no reason to suppose that any one of the towns or regions incorporated in the metropolitan area will lose its identity. London has been swallowing up small towns with prodigious rapidity in recent years; but they still keep their names upon the map, and their inhabitants yet speak of them by their old names, just



ANDREW H. GREEN,
President of the Municipal Consolidation Commission.



EDWARD F. LINTON,
Consolidation Commissioner.

The excellent bird's-eye view which ONCE A WEEK publishes in this number on pages 8 and 9 will enable the reader to obtain an accurate idea of the importance of the domain of the New York of the near future.

CROCUS.

Harsch and shrill the March winds blow,
Hot, amid the rippled snow,
Full of bright and winsome grace,
See the crocus lift its face!

See the crocus trembling shy
All the wild winds' force defy,
Smiling through the leaden day,
Making all the meadow gay.

When for me the March winds blow,
And my spirit's bleak with woe,
Both a flower tenderly
Turn it all to melody.

Love's bright Flower, full of cheer,
Bids the rude winds disappear;
And I feel Hope's joys unfold
In her smile of shining gold.

—R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



HORACE CLARK DU VAL.
A prominent Consolidationist.

as Brooklyn and Westchester will be heard of generations after they have been merged in the Greater New York. All the Consolidation Commissioners are Home



KEY TO THE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED GREATER NEW YORK ON PAGES 8 AND 9.



CONGRESSMAN T. L. POOLE, NEW YORK.



CONGRESSMAN T. M'EWAN, JR., NEW JERSEY.



CONGRESSMAN J. D. CLARDY, KENTUCKY.



CONGRESSMAN H. R. GIBSON, TENNESSEE.



CONGRESSMAN G. B. MCCLELLAN, NEW YORK.



CONGRESSMAN C. G. BURTON, MISSOURI.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 13.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

CHARLES G. BURTON, Representative-elect from the Fifteenth Congressional District of Missouri, was born in Cleveland, O., in 1846. He was educated in the public schools. On September 7, 1861, he enlisted in the Nineteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry Regiment, and served until October 29, 1862, when he was discharged for disability. As soon as he was well enough he re-entered the High School at Warren, and graduated in June, 1864; read law at Warren, and was admitted to the Bar in the spring of 1867; removed to Missouri in 1868, and located at Virgil City. Since 1871 he has lived at Nevada, Mo. In 1872 he was elected Circuit Attorney, and in 1880 Judge of the Twenty-fifth Judicial Circuit. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1884; is a member of the G.A.R., and was Department Commander for Missouri from April, 1893, to April, 1894. He is a Mason, being a Knight Templar and Shriner; and was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress by a plurality of 2,594 as against 1,722 given his opponent in 1892.

From the Seventh District of New Jersey comes Thomas McEwan, Jr., prominent in Republican politics in his State. Mr. McEwan was born at Paterson, N. J., in 1854; is a lawyer by profession, and was formerly a civil engineer. He was Assessor of the Fourth District of Jersey City for 1886-87; United States Commissioner and Chief Supervisor of Elections for the District of New Jersey from August, 1892, to October, 1893; a delegate from Hudson County to the Republican National Convention of 1892, having for his colleague Hon. Gilbert Collins. He has been secretary and one of the governors of the Union League Club of Hudson County from the time of its foundation. He has also been secretary of the Hudson County Republican General Committee for about fifteen years up to January, 1893; a delegate to and secretary of every Republican Convention of Jersey City and Hudson County for about fifteen years, to January, 1892; and also a delegate to all the State Conventions of the Republican party in that period. In 1893 he was elected a member of the Assembly in a Democratic district in Hudson County, by a plurality of 815 over Dr. Stout, the representative the year before. In the legislative session of 1894 Mr. McEwan was chosen the Republican leader of the House; he is the first member who has been honored on either side in many years, without previous legislative experience.

Theodore L. Poole, Congressman from the Twenty-seventh New York District (Onondaga and Madison Counties), was born in the town of Elbridge, Onondaga County, N. Y., in 1840. In 1841 his parents removed to Syracuse, N. Y., which has since been his home. Receiving his early education in the common schools of his native county, he was at the outbreak of the Civil War pursuing his studies for the profession of dentistry. He was among the first to enlist in the One Hundred and Twenty-second Regiment, New York Volunteers,

and was the first quartermaster sergeant of the regiment. The One Hundred and Twenty-second was assigned to the famous Sixth Corps, and Major Poole was in all the prominent engagements of the Army of the Potomac up to the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., where he was severely wounded, losing his right arm. He received rapid promotion, and for "conspicuous gallantry" at the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor he received commissions both from his native State and from the United States as Brevet Major. He remained with his regiment, notwithstanding his wounds, until the close of the war. Returning to Syracuse in 1865, he was shortly thereafter elected County Clerk of Onondaga County. In May, 1879, he was appointed United States Pension Agent for the Western District of New York, which office he held until 1889. His administration of this office was of a high character. He was a candidate for the office of Pension Commissioner during the Harrison Administration. Major Poole has been prominent in G. A. R. circles, and in 1892 was Commander of the Department of New York.

The Second Kentucky District will send to the Fifty-fourth Congress John D. Clardy, a prominent Democrat. Mr. Clardy was born in Smith County, Tennessee, in 1831; he removed with his parents to Christian County, Kentucky, in 1831; was educated in the common schools and at Georgetown College, Scott County, Kentucky, where he was graduated, at the age of nineteen, in 1848. He studied medicine and received the degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1851; practiced his profession for a number of years, but for the last twenty years has devoted his time mainly to general farming and stock raising. He was never a candidate for office until 1890, when he was elected to represent Christian County in the Kentucky Constitutional Convention. He was a candidate for Governor, but was defeated for the Democratic nomination by Hon. John Young Brown. In 1894 he received the Democratic nomination for Representative in the Fifty-fourth Congress, and received 13,413 votes against 10,481 for E. G. Sebur, Republican.

Judge Henry R. Gibson will represent the Second Tennessee District in the coming Congress. He is a native of Maryland, and is about fifty-eight years of age. He was educated at Bladensburg, Md., and Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.; served in the Commissary Department of the Federal Army from March, 1863, to July, 1865; in September, 1865, entered the Law School at Albany, N. Y.; in December, 1865, was licensed to practice law by the Supreme Court of New York at Albany; in January, 1866, removed to Knoxville, Tenn., and there began the practice of his profession. In 1868 he was appointed Commissioner of Claims by Governor William G. Brownlow; in 1869 elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention which framed the present Constitution of the State, but refused to sign or vote for it, because of some obnoxious provisions, especially the one making the prepayment of a poll-tax a qualifica-

tion for voting; in 1870 was elected a member of the State Senate; in 1872 was a Republican candidate for Presidential Elector; in 1874 elected a member of the Tennessee House of Representatives. In 1879 he founded the Knoxville *Republican* and became its editor; in 1880 was the Republican nominee for district Presidential Elector; in 1881 was appointed Post-Office Inspector, and as such investigated the postal service on the Mississippi River and its tributaries, and the Star Route Service west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1882 he became editor of the Knoxville *Daily Chronicle*; in 1883 was appointed United States Pension Agent at Knoxville, for the Southern District, composed of twelve States; in 1886 was elected Chancellor of the Second Chancery Division of Tennessee for a term of eight years.

George B. McClellan, Congressman from the Twelfth District of this State, was born in 1865, in Dresden, Saxony, where his parents were on a visit. He was graduated from Princeton College—B.A. 1886, M.A. 1889; worked as a reporter and in editorial positions; was appointed treasurer of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge October 14, 1889; while treasurer of the Brooklyn Bridge studied law at Columbia College Law School, and was admitted to the Bar in June, 1892. Since then has practiced his profession. In 1892 he was elected president of the Board of Aldermen of the city and county of New York by a plurality of 78,210, the largest ever given a candidate for office in New York City and County. He was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Democrat. He was First Lieutenant of Company E, Eighth Regiment, from September, 1885, to January 1, 1889, when he was appointed Colonel and Aid on the staff of Governor David B. Hill. He is the son of the late General George B. McClellan, the distinguished soldier and engineer.

ARTISTS AT HOME.

THE artists of the Young Men's Christian Association Building at 52 East Twenty-third Street threw their studios open to their friends on Thursday and Friday of last week. The occasion was one of much mutual pleasure, the invited guests showing their appreciation of the invitation by attending the receptions in large numbers, and being repaid for the effort by the courteous hospitality of their entertainers and by the very interesting display of pictures on exhibition. To give an idea of the kind and quality of work shown it will suffice to mention the names of the hosts, many of whom have already made brilliant reputations in the world of art. They are J. B. Bristol, J. R. Brevoort, F. E. Bartlett, Orrin Sheldon Parsons, Walter Satterlee, W. Granville Smith, W. Louis Sonntag, Jr.—who has contributed many excellent drawings to ONCE A WEEK—Carleton Wiggins, Gean Smith, Percival de Luc, Harry Eaton, D. W. C. Falls, A. C. Howland, C. N. Hoar, John A. MacDongall, George H. McCord, Clinton Ogilvie, Arthur Parton and H. B. Wechsler.

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PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

THE new shirt-waists are already being exhibited in the Broadway shops, and those who have learned by experience that to wait till the summer months before purchasing is to foredoom one's self to disappointment, are laying up in time a selection of these eminently useful garments for the warm days. Striped French batiste is the favorite material for the highest priced waists, and pink and blue are the preferred shades. Lavender is exquisitely dainty while new, but its glory departs after it has passed through the laundry a couple of times. The striped waists are all made, like the men's shirts, with white collars, and it is wisdom to have these detachable, with a view of minimizing the expenses of



6349—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST

washing. One must give at least three dollars for a well-cut shirt-waist of fine material. It is therefore a great economy to have them made up at home. Two very good patterns of shirt-waists have already been published in ONCE A WEEK. One of these is repeated to-day by request. It is Pattern 6349. The style is admirable from the double point of view of beauty and comfort. The fronts and back are gathered and joined to a square, shallow, seamless yoke, that fits smoothly over the shoulders. The stylish box plait on the right front laps over the left, double buttonholes being worked to permit of fastening the fronts with tiny gold studs. The full fronts and back are gathered at the waistline to fit the figure, the lower portion being worn under the skirt as shown, or over it, if preferred, but this never looks quite as well. The shirt-sleeves display the fashionable fullness that distinguishes the season's modes. They are gathered on the upper and lower edges, and finished at the wrists with square wristbands that close in the back with links of gold, silver or pearl. The turned-down collar is mounted on a shaped band, and can be made detachable. The simple construction of this charming waist, which makes it easily laundered, renders it especially suitable for all cotton wash fabrics, such as cotton cheviot, madras shirting, cambric, chambray, sateen, nainsook, lawn or dimity. The wristbands, collar and yoke are neatly finished with machine stitching. Pattern 6349 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Another very pretty waist is shown in No. 6341. The original was made of



6341—LADIES' PLAITED WAIST.

Teviot suiting, a new cotton wash fabric that rivals the duck of last season. It is woven in mixed shades of gray that

gives a fine tweed effect. In the model shown the free edges of the collar, cuffs, plaits and belt were piped with pale-blue sateen. This design presents an ideal waist for golf, tennis, cycling or walking gowns, and is desirable for woolen as well as for cotton fabrics. The basque portion can be worn under the skirt, or the body can be cut only to the waistline and finished with the belt. The fronts are becomingly arranged in a centre box and two side-plaids on each front, closing in the centre with studs or buttons, or invisibly, as preferred. The back displays the three fashionable single box-plaids drawn together at the waistline, the under-arm gore securing a smoothness of fit at the sides. The rolling collar is attached to a neckband, but can be made separately if desired, in which case it is well to have several collars, and they should preferably be of white linen. The sleeves show the newest mode for waists of this kind, being quite full at the top, and narrowing at the lower edge, where they are slashed at the back, faced, and slightly gathered into wristbands that close with links or buttons and buttonholes. Pattern 6341 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Three prevailing styles of neck garnitures are shown in No. 6314. A variety of these pretty and becoming collars is almost a necessity of a woman's wardrobe to-day. Simple as they appear to be, it is not easy to make them look and set properly unless they are cut on a good pattern. The one given will be found extremely useful and satisfactory, and can be adapted to the three styles shown. No. 1 is of cerise velvet, with jet ornaments, double loops of velvet standing



6314.—LADIES' COLLARS.

out at each side. No. 2, of emerald satin, has a large looped bow, with cross-over in the back, which can be reversed and the bow placed in front, if so preferred. No. 3 is of blue chiffon, the foundation being smoothly covered with satin of the same color. The rosettes are of chiffon, and are placed to come under each ear. Collars like these can be made in infinite variety, to contrast or correspond with the corsage. Different styles of ornamentation can be selected to suit individual taste. Pattern 6314 is cut in one size—medium.

Pattern 6362 is a Lady's Tea-Gown of figured wool challie, in lavender and



6362—LADIES' TEA GOWN

cream, with plain lavender taffeta front, yoke, revers collar and stock. The trimming is of cream point-de-Gene lace and insertion. The fronts are laid over glove-fitted linings, that close invisibly in the centre, the yoke closing under the left front, or in the centre, as preferred. The back and side gores fit the figure smoothly in Princess style, a graceful Watteau being arranged by overlapping plaids laid in an extension at yoke depth in the centre back. Huge puffs form the sleeves over sleeve linings of elbow length, a deep frill of lace finishing the lower edge. Crepon, cashmere, Henrietta, or other soft woolen fabrics, will make dainty and useful gowns like the one shown. Nainsook, lawn, batiste, or other washable materials, can also be made up

in this style and trimmed with embroidery to match. Pattern 6362 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

A smart blouse bodice, No. 6355, illustrates the possibilities of perforated black



6355—LADIES' WAIST

silk when made over a lining of some bright color. Pink silk is the lining chosen for this rich combination. The stock collar is of pink velvet, the belt, bow and streamers being of black silk ribbon with pink edges. The full front is drawn smoothly over the bust, and closed on the left shoulder and under-arm seam. On the label of the pattern another style of decoration is illustrated, showing the waist closed invisibly in the centre front. This design can be adapted to many different combinations, and is equally suitable for silk, wool or cotton fabrics. Pattern 6355 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. The hat worn with this costume is a stylish one of black straw, trimmed with black ostrich feathers and pink roses under the brim.

The tidy appearance of the thoroughly



6338—HOUSEKEEPER'S APRON.

protective Ladies' Work Apron shown in 6338 will recommend it to housekeepers whose ambition it is to look neat at all times. Gingham is the fabric most ordinarily in demand for kitchen aprons, a small checked variety in blue and white being used in the present instance. The gored front and sides conform to the outlines of the figure, the upper portions of the fronts being shaped to a circular band that closes in the back with a button and buttonhole. Straps from the sides close at the waistline in the back, the main portion of the apron (that completely covers the dress skirt) being buttoned below the waist. Useful pockets are placed on the front, and all the edges are finished with a narrow bias facing of the same material, or with narrow hem, as preferred. Any suitable cotton fabric in white or colors, and striped, figured or checked designs in gingham may be used for these aprons. For the nursery it can be made in checked or striped nainsook, cambric, or cross-barred muslin trimmed around the bib with narrow edging of embroidery or lace, and tied at the waist with broad strings. For a painting apron, turkey-red cotton will be effective, or figured sateen. The edges may be finished with ruffles. Pattern 6338 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

PARIS FASHIONS.

February 21.

UNTIL the past week the season at Nice and along the Riviera has been cold and even snowy, and great thereof has been the lament of the modistes and couturieres; but now that the sun is shining and spring is in the air, orders for gowns are coming in which must suit that peculiar combination of winter and summer. The milder game of tennis is superseding golf, and out-of-door fêtes are being considered. The chances are that the earliest of the spring models will be seen under the blue of the Mediterranean skies even before the earliest of your American buyers reach Paris. I have been fortunate enough to see some pretty frocks that are leaving this week to adorn dainty femininity in the South. A gown designed for a small reception or dinner is of chené silk in silver gray and pink with sprigs of vieux rose in it. The skirt falls in crisp folds with a narrow fold of old rose velvet at the hem replacing the thick rope that has been so popular during the winter season. The bodice has a square yoke of old rose velvet, and square bretelles of ecru lace fall over the shoulders. A deep flounce of the lace edges the yoke front and back—the middle of the flounce touching the waistline, the sides narrowing to meet the bretelles. The crush belt and choker are of the velvet.

An evening frock of pink silk crêpe with a lace-like stripe in its weave has the square neck of the fitted bodice edged with a wide band of gold and jet passementerie. From this band fall strings of gold and jet beads, forming a blouse over the pink. A band of the embroidery extends down each side of the skirt, widening toward the hem.

A dainty evening frock of palest blue mousseline-de-soie has four stripes of green velvet ribbon extending down the front of the skirt, ending at the hem in stiff half-bows. The bodice is a French blouse with a round decolletage. Bands of the velvet pass over the shoulders, ending in half-bows at the waist. This

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